

Reader,
Here you'l plainly see
Iudgement perverted
By these three :
A Priest, A Judge, A Patentee.

Written by *Thomas Heywood.*



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Bishops, Iudges, Monopolists.

Bishops.

WHat strange earths tremor doth so agitate
The late firme scite of our Episcopate!
That what was layd a thousand yeares ago,
With hundreds added (as our Annals show)
Whose high Towers have their heads so proudly borne,
Should suddenly be from their groundfils torne?

Is it because their structures were so great,
They made the groaning earth beneath them sweat?

Is it because no bound could circumscribe

Th' expanded power of that Levitick Tribe?

Or that they had ingroft into their hands

Such ample purchase of the temporall lands?

That, not with their due *Decimates* content,

Both Tythe and Totall must encrease their rent?

Or as *Prelati*, steering the Church helme,

They thought t' out-brave the *Peeres* of the Realme?

Nay more than that, an higher straine had runne,

As divers proud priests had before them done?

As *Wolstan*, *Becket*, *Walsley*, who durst write,

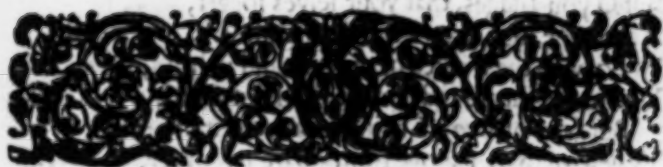
I and my King, even in his Sovereignes sight:

A 2

And

And their successors, like ambitious growne,
 Would make the Miter leuell with the Crowne ?
 Or that our modern Prelates haue of late
 Sought to raise new combustions in our State;
 And as Incendiaries, thought to devour
 Their Countries freedome with their purse and power ?
 Or that inclining to the *Arminian* Sect,
 And preaching in the Romish Dialect,
 They labor'd 'mongst us Protestants to intrude
 What our Reformed Church did quite exclude ?
 New Cannons, Oathes and Altars, bending low,
 To where, in time the Images must grow ?
 Reviving antient and forgot Traditions,
 Grounded upon old Popish superstitions.

Or that a strange sinister course they tooke,
 In altering the Scottish Service booke;
 By which two sister kingdomes were constraind
 To open wars, (which stiffely they maintaind.)
 Or that so far beyond all rationall bounds,
 By their rough censures in the high Commission,
 Not sparing Priest, the Lawyer, nor Physitian ?
 Their *Ex Officio* Oathes, their *Im* Divine,
 And Clergy Courts (which conscience should refine)
 More full of bribes, corruption, and blacke staine,
 Than the lay benches they so much disdain.
 Yet could I wish, though all these have been prov'd,
 Th' offenders once being punish'd and remov'd,
 The function might remaine, to their disgraces,
 To try who better might supply their places.



Of Iudges.

CAn Iudges be corrupt, or staggering stand,
 Who should be fathers both of lawes and land?
 They did of old upon wilde Asses ride,
 An emblem, that when doubts they did decide,
 They should be slow in sentence, and consider
 The cause, (both parties being brought together.)
 Athens for them did Images devise:
 To intimate, nought should from them be heard,
 Savoring either of favor or reward.
 But corrupt Iudges (such no doubt there are)
 Punish the purse, and still the person spare.
 And I have heard from a most learned Speaker,
 That no Law-maker should be a law-breaker.
 Hee's only a wise Iudge that stands in awe
 Of one God solely, one King, and one Law.
 But to our former *Quere*; May it bee,
 That in these times we any Iudge shall see,
 Who on the Bench being seated as a god,
 Should be call'd thence, and beat with a Blacke Rod?
 Nor wonder is't; when some as grave and great,
 Have in the same or like Judiciall Seat,
 (Only to give his wit some vaine applause)
 Jest'd and jeer'd a poore man from his Cause.

But O you Judges, that your selves forget,
 And in the high seat of the Scornfull sit;
 Who with the wicked have gon hand in hand,
 You in the future judgement shall not stand.

But how of late are things growne out of order?
 When we shall see one from a bare Recorder,
 Rais'd unto such an eminence of state,
 That quire forgetting what he was but late,
 He shall through all Judiciall seats aspire,
 Even till he guines the height of his desire:
 And then, through guilt of conscience (none accusing)
 (His place of soveraigne trust so much abusing)
 When standing eminent in the Worlds broad eye,
 Then like a Finch to take his wings and fly,
 Leaving the Purse and the Broad Seale behind him,
 As had they bin meere toyes, and did not mind them.

But all have not the fortune to evade
 Their triall: for though some fly, some are stayd.

When those whose livelihoods are the lawes, indeed,
 By which they onely can subsist and feed,
 (Which such sworne Fathers should as sacred keep,
 And no houre in their execution sleep)
 When such shall seeke to extirpe the Lawes foundation,
 And in the steid thereof bring innovation;
 To them I leave the *Magna Charta's* curse:
 Now let the better Judges judge the worse.

of



Of Monopolists.

How comes this swarme of Locusts to appeare
 More this, then any other Temperate ycere,
 This crew of moaths and cankers that bereaves
 Our flourishing Orchard both of fruit and leaves?
 Who do not onely vex us here about,
 But pester all the Trees the Realme throughout?
 I mean those Drones, that fly about in mists,
 Divelish *Projectors*, damn'd *Adonopolists*,
 Who now are hid in holes and keepe a loose,
 Being indeed not Parliamentall prooffe.
 Yet may we finde them in our bread, our meat,
 In every draught or bit wee drinke or eat.
 Our Bevers and the Bootes wee plucke on, whether
 We have them made of Calve-skin, or Neats Leather,
 Our Salt and Oatmeal, Porridge are not free,
 But they from their ingredience must have fee:
 Our cloath, stufte, lace, points, tagges, even to a pinne,
 Nay even the linen next unto our skinne,
 And needle it is sow'd with: they make Boote,
 Of every thing we wear, from head to foote.
 Nay I may speake it to them (with a pox)
 I find them even in my Tobacco box.

To leave your petty seoffors and seoffees,
 And come to your brave skarlet Patentees.

Who

Who when our sope of sweetest oyle was made,
 By which they drove a good and wholsom Trade.
 These by an ingross Patent covering gaine,
 Compos'd it all of stinking rape, and trainer
 For what care they, so it may make them rich,
 To fill our bodies full of scabs and itch.
 Which was a great cause, as some Artists guest,
 To bring amongst us a contagious pest.
 And then thinkes one, where sope hath say'd without,
 Balderdash wines within, will worke no doubt.

And then comes in (that project once begun)
 New inposts upon every Pipe and Tun.
 The price of French and Spanish winds are rais'd,
 How ever in their worth deboys and craisd.
 The subject suffers in each draught he swallows,
 For which may they be doomb'd unto the gallows.

Abel and *Caine* were shepheards (the Text saies)
 But which is strange, turn'd Vintners in these days.
 The wicked *Caine* his brother *Abel* slew:
 Which in these brother Vintners proves not true.
 For unto this day, *Caine* keeps up his signe,
 But *Abel* lyes drown'd in his *Medium* wine.
 Projecting *Kilvert* (some say) was the cause,
 Who making new Lords, had devis'd new lawes.
 But those that would the ancient custome vary,
 Shall now ('tis thought) be made exemplary.

FINIS.